# DAILY MEDITATIONS: OR, *Quotidian Preparations for,* AND Considerations of DEATH AND ETERNITY.

Begun *July* 19. 1666.

By *Philip Pain*: Who lately suffering Shipwrack, was drowned.

Job 30. 23. *For I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living.*
Eccles. 12. 1. *Remember now thy Creator in the dayes of thy youth, &c.*

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# The Porch.

*TO live's a Gift, to dye's a Debt that we*
*Each of us owe unto Mortality.*
*What though the dead do ghastly look, and we*
*Like Children frighted are even but to be*
*Spectators of a dying man or Woman?*
*Yet nothing's to be fear'd that is so common.*
*It is not* Death *that we in them do see;*
*It's but the* Mask *wherewith 'twill vailed be.*
*Yet where's the man or Woman that can look*
*Death in the face, as in some pleasing book?*
*Can we contented be to view our face*
*In such a dreadful, doleful Looking-glass?*
*O where's the man or Woman that can cry,*
Behold I come, Death I desire to dye?
*O where's the man or Woman that can say,*
Lord, I desire my dissolution day?
*And what's the reason 'tis so hard to dye,*
*To leave this World so full of vanity?*
*What makes it terrible? nought but the sense*
*Of* guilt *&* sin: *Break down this potent fence,*
*And then be sure for aye you shall enjoy*
*Joyes everlasting, Everlasting joy.*

P. P.

# The Poet.

*Meditation* 1.

GReat God, how short's mans time! each minute spent
He is but dust, and that his Vessel leaks.
Each moment of my momentany time,
Does plainly tell me 'tis not mine but thine.
He gives me time to live, and verily
Ere long I shall have likewise time to dye.

*Meditat.* 2.

After the time of Life is ended, then
Oh there's *Another Time* for sons of men;
A great *ETERNITY* will surely come,
Of blessed Happiness, or cursed Doom.
Lord, grant I may be one of those that may
Enjoy the first with thee another day.

*Meditat.* 3.

Down to the grave I must ere long descend,
Leave all my friends behinde; thither I bend,
And steer my wearied Course unto that Port,
To which all sorts of Nations do resort.
When I cast Anchor, grant, O Lord, that I
May safely ride where Christ himself did lye.

*Meditat.* 4.

This World a Sea of trouble is, and Man
Is swimming through this vast wide Ocean.
The billows beat, the waves are angry, and
'Tis seldome that he spies a helping hand
To buoy his head up. O great God, let me
Be kept from sinking into misery.

*This day is past; but tell me, who can say*
*That I shall surely live another day.*

*Meditat.* 5.

I can but dye but once, why should I fear?
Whether I fear or not, 'tis all as near.
O but my Soul consider, that sad time
Gives every thing to death, leaves nothing thine,
Except thy stinking Carcase, which shall be
Dispos'd to weal or woe eternally.

*Meditat.* 6.

The Passing-bell sounds harsh unto the ear
Of all that do the *King of Terrours* fear.
But let a man have but an interest
In *Jesus Christ*, 'twill toll him to his rest.
Lord, give me such a gift, none other I
Crave or desire, whether I live or dye.

*Meditat.* 7.

Death puts an end to every thing below,
It gives the killing wound, the fatall blow.
Of those that here awhile did but reside,
But for a time, the last act is, *They dy'd.*
Then grant, O Lord, that I may act this Part
Well on the Stage; then Death, lo here's my ♥.

*Meditat.* 8.

Scarce do I pass a day, but that I hear
Some one or other's dead; and to my ear
He thinks it is no news: but Oh! did I
Think deeply on it, what it is to dye,
My Pulses all would beat, I should not be
Drown'd in this Deluge of Security.

*Think every day thy last, and ready bee;*
*And so th'uncertain hour shall welcome thee.*

Mans

*Meditat.* 9.

Mans life is like a Roſe, that in the Spring
Begins to bloſſome, fragrant ſmells to bring:
Within a day or two, behold Death's ſent,
A publick Meſſenger of diſcontent.
Lord grant, that when my Roſe begins to fade,
I may behold an Everlaſting ſhade.

*Meditat.* 10.

Alas, what is the *world?* a Sea of Glaſs.
Alas, what's *Earth?* it's but an Hower-glaſs.
The Sea diſſolves; the Glaſs is quickly run:
Behold, with ſpeed mans Life is quickly done.
Let me ſo ſwim in this Sea, that I may
With thee live happy in another day.

*Meditat.* 11.

Had I as many dayes to live, as I
See drops are in the ſea, yet I muſt dye:
Each day a drop, would carry away a day;
And ſo my life would ſwiftly paſs away.
Jehovah great, humbly I thee beſeech
The number of my dayes me for to teach.

*Meditat.* 12.

I every day do ſee that here below
Is nothing permanent, away they go;
Friends, and Relations, every thing that I
Do caſt mine eyes upon, is Vanity.
Give me a portion then even in that place,
Where ſtill I may behold thy bleſſed face.

*I now lye down to reſt, but do not know*
*Where by the morning God will me beſtow.*

*Meditat.* 13.

What great security poſſeſſes ſome,
Who think that Death's aſleep, or cannot come?
How miſerable are ſuch Souls, who think
To live even as they liſt, of ſin to drink
Wide ſeas and rivers? when alas they ſee
Not their approaching damning deſtiny.

*Meditat.* 14.

*The time is ſhort*, ſayes *Paul*: it's ſhort indeed;
For it hath Eagles wings, and flees with ſpeed
Each minute from us: how ſhould we improve
This our ſhort time, that does ſo ſwiftly move.
Lord grant, I be not prodigal of Time,
Thinking 'tis thine that I do uſe, not mine.

*Meditat.* 15.

The dead they praiſe thee not; the living they
Sound forth thy bleſſed praiſes every day.
In grave there's no remembrance of thee,
But of thee in that place forgetful bee.
Lord grant that I may praiſe thee, whiles that I
Have time to live, and ſummon'd not to dye.

*Meditat.* 16.

The miſery of man is great on Earth,
Becauſe his time he knows not; 'tis his ſin,
And nothing elſe, that thus hath man undone,
And makes this Race of Life painful to run,
Lord, give me knowledge of my time, that ſo
Prepar'd I may be here before I go.

*One day of grace more here I have enjoy'd,*
*It's Gods great mercy I am not deſtroy'd,*
*That greatly have provok'd him.*——

*Meditat.* 17.

Whilſt in this world I ſtay, ſome hopes have I
That I ſhall reign in Heaven eternally:
But when my time is paſt, and I am gone,
There's no hope left for me to build upon.
Lord, grant me full aſſurance whilſt that I
Am here, ſo willing I ſhall be to dye.

*Meditat.* 18.

We are but babes of yeſterday, and we
Are ſons and daughters of Mortalitie.
From duſt we came, to duſt we muſt again,
And to the grave with ſpeed we fly amain.
Lord, let the thoughts of Death poſſeſs my heart,
That ſo Thee and my Soul may never part.

*Meditat.* 19.

How bruitiſh, Oh how ſenſleſs are all thoſe,
Who to the World do ſo themſelves diſpoſe,
As if there were no God to ſerve, no Death
That's coming to deprive them of their breath?
Lord help me ſo to live, that I may bee
Never forgetful of my Death or Thee.

*Meditat.* 20.

How loth, how backward are we all to leave
This tranſitory World? Let Death bereave
Us of thoſe Mundane things, yet if we ſtill
Reſolve to live and dye to Chriſt, what ill
Can happen to us? Lord, before I dye
Let me a better Kingdome farre eſpy.

*As the great God ſtill addes unto my dayes,*
*It's but new matter for me him to praiſe.*

*Meditat.* 21.

How often have I view'd the graves, and gone
Unto that place, and yet returned home
Again unto my house: The time will bee
When I must go, but no returning see.
Lord, give me so much grace, that I may be
Ever-more mindful of Eternitie.

*Meditat.* 22.

What mean those show'rs, those drops, that from on high
Descend, to call men to Eternity?
Both Young and Old, no Sex is spar'd; O why?
What is the cause of our Mortality?
Lo here it is; A blessed God we have
Offended, therefore we must to the grave.

*Meditat.* 23.

Death strikes the Young man, and the Old man must
Yield to Deaths stroke, and return to the dust:
Nor Streng'h, nor Beauty, Riches, Honours, lent
But for a while, cannot our death prevent.
Oh how should we then use these things below,
That must be left when we from hence do go.

*Meditat.* 24.

Man's life it is but lent him here, and he
Is but a debtor to Mortalitie.
Those fading Comforts that below we have
Or do enjoy, will leave us at the grave.
Lord, grant that when my Comforts all are gone,
I may with Thee have sweet Communion.

*This day is past, God mercy shews to me,*
*Who am a Dust-heap of Mortalitie.*

*Meditat.* 25.

Alas poor Death, where does thy great ſtrength lye?
'Tis true, I 'me mortall, yet I cannot dye.
I tell thee, If I dye in Chriſt, it is
The way thou ſhew'ſt me to eternal bliſs.
By death I live. if that I live to Chriſt,
And then thou'lt ſay the mark I have not miſt.

*Meditat.* 26.

Alas, what's Sorrow? 'tis our portion here;
The Chriſtian's portion, Trouble, Grief, and Fear:
He is *The* Man of Sorrows here below
Of all the men on earth; yet let us know,
Chriſt left his Grave-clothes, that we might when grief
Draws tears, or blood, not want an Handkerchief.

*Meditat.* 27.

Is Death ſo formidable? Can the chance
Of one poor day change our freſh Countenance?
Is there ſo much in Death, that we ſhould be
Like Children frighted at our deſtiny?
Of Heaven give me aſſurance (Lord) and I
Shall ne're believe Death looks ſo dreadfully.

*Meditat.* 28.

Could I in greatneſs farre ſurmount the skie,
Or yet in glory could the Sun out-vie;
Could I be more then any man that lives,
Great, Fair, Rich, Wiſe, all in Superlatives:
Yet if I were ſtill mortal, there would be
A debt ſtill to be paid to death by me.

*Lord, as thou giveſt me more hours to live,*
*So with it, Oh do thou thy grace me give.*

*Meditat.* 29.

How mutable is every thing that here
Below we do enjoy? with how much fear
And trouble are those gilded Vanities
Attended, that so caprivate our eyes?
Oh, who would trust this World, or prize what's in it,
That gives, and takes, and changes in a minute?

*Meditat.* 30.

Sure every soul in this world hath its day
Of grace, and if he will improve it, may.
The time will come when it shall have an end,
Ev'n when we must unto the grave descend.
Lord, help me now to know the things that do
Belong unto my peace, and them pursue.

*Meditat.* 31.

We have no License from our God to waste
One day, one hour, one moment, that do haste
So swiftly from us in our sinful pleasures,
But rather to lay up for lasting treasures.
Lord, spare me yet a little, that I may
Prepare for Death, and for the Judgement-day.

*Meditat.* 32.

The damned now in Hell, that there do ly
In endless flames, that howl, and weep, and cry
For anguish great, this is their deepest Crime,
Heart-vexing trouble, *Oh Misspence of Time!*
Oh who would rush into those flames of Fire,
That of mis-spending time they may enquire?

*Lord, let thy Terrours every day amuse me*
*To prepare for my end, and ready be.*

Our

*Meditat.* 33.

Our Saviour he aſcended up on high,
And led death conqu'red in captivity:
The Grave is ſweetned by him; why ſhould we
Be loth to ſhare in this his Victorie?
Lord, as death thou haſt overcome, Oh ſo
Conquer my ſins ere I from hence do go.

*Meditat.* 34.

By Faith the Chriſtian acts, whilſt here beneath
He lives, till death his Faith and Life bereave;
But when this life is ended, he enjoyes
The things that he believ'd, Eternal Joyes.
Lord, grant that I may here by Faith foreſee
A glorious Manſion prepar'd for me.

*Meditat.* 35.

Theſe Arms, theſe Hands, this Face, they ere long muſt
Decay, conſume, and moulder into duſt;
The time will be, when time ſhall be no more
Upon this earth, as it hath heretofore.
Great God, then grant that I may ſerious be
In and about things of Eternitie.

*Meditat.* 36.

I've often heard, that ſuch a Friend is dead,
And that another layes his weary head
Down in the grave; yet this no news to me,
Whilſt I live here in ſin and vanitie.
Lord, help me now to think the time will come
For me, as well as theſe that now are gone.

*As ſtrong, as young as now I am, yet muſt*
*I be for certain buried in the duſt.*

Our

*Meditat.* 37.

Our dayes, our time, appointed are by God,
And beyond that we may not have abode
Here on this sinfull earth: the day draws nigh,
When every one shall have a time to dye.
Lord, as the time does from me pass away,
Grant me thy grace whilst in the world I stay.

*Meditat.* 38.

Frail Mortals poste with speed after those things,
Which at the last nought else but sorrow brings:
Most think not of a great Eternity
That's drawing on apace. Lord, grant that I
May whilst I'me here pursue with might and main,
Those things that will bring everlasting gain.

*Meditat.* 39.

All Creatures in their kinde sound forth the praise
Of their blest Maker; yea, the glorious Rayes
Of his great Majesty appeareth on
The least of all the Works of Creation.
But Lord, Man by his sin dishonours thee,
Who art the God of Immortalitie.

*Meditat.* 40.

Whilst we are here below, we act and move,
And *this*, and *that* we seek for to improve:
The time will come when that our places shall
Not know us; we shall be no more at all.
Lord, grant that I may those great things improve,
That are brought down to earth from heaven above.

*Give me an interest in thy Son, and then*
*Though I dye ne're so much I'le live agen.*

How

*Meditat.* 41.

How eagerly doth vain man here purſue
Theſe worldly things, when his dayes are ſo few?
His time is ſhort, it's ſhort, yea *ſhort indeed*,
That flies ſo ſwiftly from him, with ſuch ſpeed.
Lord, help me to conſider that I muſt
Not here live alwayes, but return to duſt.

*Meditat.* 42.

How precious! Oh how precious is our Time?
Sure to miſ-ſpend it is a ſinfull Crime.
This Pearl being loſt, is never to be found
Again, though all the world our cries reſound:
O thou that art the God of Ages, give
Me that grace, for to know what 'tis to live.

*Meditat.* 43.

What are our dayes unto Eternity?
Our preſent joyes, to future miſery?
What is there in this world that ſtable is?
What's all that's here below to laſting bliſs?
Jehovah help me here, that ſo I may
Enjoy eternall bliſs another day.

*Meditat.* 44.

*ETERNITY!* O Soul-amazing thought,
That never to my ſenſes yet was brought
Rightly to underſtand it: O the height,
The breadth, the length, the depth of what I ſlight!
Help, Son of *David*, mercy on me have;
This is a coming, I muſt to the grave.

*I now repoſe my weary head upon*
*My Pillow, but I ſhall be ſhortly gone.*

*Meditat.* 45.

Gods mercy unto man is great, who gives
Unto him life, 'tis enough that he lives;
God might have justly took our lives from us
Long afore this, Death following the Curse.
Lord, grant the Curse may be remov'd from me,
The grave then (Lord) will smell most fragrantlie.

*Meditat.* 46.

Long life a mercy is to good and bad,
And makes the hearts of most men very glad;
Yet the true Childe of God desires home,
Unto his Fathers house for to be gone.
Lord, when thou seest fit, work grace in me,
That I may so in Heaven desire to be.

*Meditat.* 47.

*Adam* was plac'd unto his hearts desire
In Paradice, untill he did aspire
To storm the Heavens; whence Death did assume
His Title, *King of Terrours*, to consume
Frail flesh, and in a moment make it fly
From Earth to Heaven, from hence t'Eternity.

*Meditat.* 48.

No sooner did we change our Mothers Womb
For this frail World, but by and by a Tomb
Prepared is, and Mourners they attend
To lead us softly to our Journeys end.
Lord, grant that when my change comes, I may be
Then fit t'enjoy Communion with thee.

*Death is a Lot is common unto all,*
*And when w'are gone, Friends cannot us recall.*

In

*Meditat.* 49.

In Heaven are eternal joyes; and ſure
In that place there are Remedies to cure
Our here Sin-ſick'ned Souls: but Oh ſhall I
Be made a Patient of this Remedy?
Lord, I believe a Heaven there is; but this
The Queſtion is, *Shall I enjoy that bliſs?*

*Meditat.* 50.

In Hell are Torments, Torments without end;
And them I muſt endure, if that no friend
I have of Jeſus. O my Soul, muſt I
Go from *PAIN* here, to Pain eternally?
I know there is a Hell: Lord, grant that I
May go from Earth to Heaven when I dye.

*Meditat.* 51.

My Soul tell me, Are there not many that
Do wiſh for Heaven, and yet miſs the Gate?
How many do (with *Balaam*) wiſh that they
May depart like a Saint at dying day?
Lord, let me to be like them here deſire,
Upon this earth, as when they do expire.

*Meditat.* 52.

How many are there that may take their Harps
And hang upon the Willows; mournful hearts
Would beſt become ſuch as muſt go from hence,
And then in Hell have laſting reſidence.
O Lord, how little do I think on this,
That I may be one that may miſs of Bliſs?

*I am (I ſee) ſtill Mercies Monument;*
*For more, one day is ſtill unto me lent.*

*Meditat.* 53.

How often ſhould we think of this, that we
Muſt ere long yield to Death's ſupremacie?
The time ere long will come, when we ſhall be
No more; and ſhortly we no time ſhall ſee.
O that I might be then prepar'd for this
So great a Change, and be receiv'd to Bliſs.

*Meditat.* 54.

The ſons of men are prone to forget Death,
And put it farre away from them, till breath
Begins to tell them they muſt to the grave;
And then, Oh what would they give but to have
One year of reſpite? Help me, Lord, to know
As I move here, ſo my time moves alſo.

*Meditat.* 55.

Whilſt we live here, we have the bleſſed voice
Of God by Miniſters, the bleſſed noiſe
And ſound of *Aarons* Bells: the time will be
When we no more of this ſhall hear or ſee.
Help, Lord, that I may then improve the ſame
Unto the praiſe and glory of thy Name.

*Meditat.* 56.

The time will be, when we ſhall be *No more*:
Where will the World be then? 'Twill be *No more.*
Where will our Comforts be? They'll be *No more.*
Where will our Friends be then? They'll be *No more.*
Lord, grant me then thy grace, leſt that *No more*
Do ſeize upon me, and I be *No more.*

*No More! O ſolemn ſound! This night I may*
*Be ſtruck by Death, and never ſee the day.*

How

*Meditat.* 57.

How tremblingly do creatures here appear
Before an earthly Judge? what dreadful fear
Does ſeize upon them at the Barre of him,
Who likewiſe muſt arraigned be for ſin?
Lord, grant me here thy grace, and ſo may I
With joy at laſt behold thy Majeſty.

*Meditat.* 58.

The day of death's a coming; after that
A day of Judgement will diſcriminate,
And put a difference 'twixt the Saints and thoſe
Who do Gods Wayes and Precepts here oppoſe.
Lord, let me be prepared for that day,
That ſo with joy (Lord) thee behold I may.

*Meditat.* 59.

The hand of Death ſtrikes ſure, there's nothing can
Obſtruct, or hinder it; and every man,
Whether he will or no, muſt know that he
Muſt into duſt moſt ſurely turned be.
O how ſhould I prepare for this, ſince 'tis
So ſure and certain which I cannot miſs?

*Meditat.* 60.

Death is a ſurly Sergeant, no reſpect
Hath he to perſons, does their tears reject;
No bribe will blinde his eyes, away we muſt,
If he but call, and return to the duſt.
Lord, grant that I may death behold with joy,
And ſo my ſoul let it bring no annoy.

*Each minute gives my time a ſhorter time:*
*Not to prepare for Death is a ſad crime.*

*And though our* Saviour *with his* Odours *sweet*
*Smell to the Faithfull is* perfum'd; *yet there*
*They can't abide for aye: away must fleet*
*To* Judgement, *when the* Great Judge *shall appear.*
*This oft he thought upon:* This, this *should be*
*Our standing thought, when all thoughts else do flee*

*Of* Hell *he's not forgetful; but with dread*
*And trembling* thinks *&* speaks *thereof: doth give*
*Warning to* living ones, *they should not plead*
*For* Sin, *which brings a Hell without reprieve:*
*Excites to* Pray'r, Repentance, *and to stay*
*By* Faith on Christ *for Life which lasts for aye.*

*In his most* sweetest Contemplation
*Does wing below, and up to* Heav'n *doth soar:*
*Finds matter for deep* Meditation,
*Such pleasures do abide for* evermore,
*Which neither* Eye *e're saw,* Ear *heard, nor can*
*Enter into the* Heart *of any man.*

*This* Example *of this* Pilot young,
*Well skill'd in* Spiritual Sailing) *thee inform*
*To steer thy* Course *through* Baca's Vale, *along*
*The* fair Haven, (*fear not* Winds *nor* Storm)
*Till thou arrive with him, in whom did dwell*
Some good thing toward the God of Israel.

*F. T.*

*Meditat.* 61.

There's nothing that I do, or act, but sayes
That I am Mortal with an Emphasis.
Each day speaks to me, and gives me to know,
That I ere it be long away must go.
Let me an interest have in Christ, and I
Shall over Death triumph with victory.

*Meditat.* 62.

How is it that I am so careless here,
And never mind how I my Course do steer
For an Eternal Port? and never think
That at the last my leaky Ship will sink?
Lord, guard me from those Pirats that would catch
My Soul, do thou (Lord) be their over-match.

*Meditat.* 63.

Lord, what's the reason I'me so loth to hear
Of the great day of Death? what means this fear,
That at the thoughts of death o're-spreads me, and
Prompts me to give a willing Countermand?
*Jesus*, 'tis to be fear'd I never stood
As one that's interested in thy Blood.

*Meditat.* 64.

What makes the Saints on earth desire to be
Dissolved, and that blessed day to see?
What makes them whilst they're here below to groan
Against this body of Corruption?
Lord, they know that when they from hence do go,
On them a glorious Kingdome thou'lt bestow.

*Lord, if my Soul this night away thou take,*
*Let me by morning then in Heav'n awake.*

FINIS.

# A POSTSCRIPT TO THE READER.

*'Tis not to ſhew the Author's* Wit, *but* Grace,
*That theſe few* Poems *are expos'd to view;*
*In which thou may'ſt behold Youths* flow'ry face
*Set toward* Sion, *ſeeking things* moſt true:
*Contemning worldly* Vain's, *but prizing high*
*A place in th' Manſions of* Eternity.

*Here was hours ſpent indeed! and yet* not ſpent,
*Time thus improv'd, is to* Redeem the time.
*For* Youth, *Death's company thus to frequent,*
(*As if a dweller in his* ſhady Clime)
*Does prove a thing ſo rare, ſo ſeldome known,*
*That ſcarce* Old Age *can call this act its own.*

*By hourly meditating on the* Grave,
*He 'came acquainted with that* darkſome Cell;
*Knew that from going thither none could ſave,*
(*We on the Brink of* Machpelah *do dwell*)
*Therefore prepar'd with ſedulous deſire*
*To take his Bed there, when he ſhould expire.*